It is emblazoned upon my soul
this night's work and its requite
a figure stands before my very being
frowning beckoning
I have no recourse than to follow
I fear it overwhelms
My other self so fair a one,
I cannot seem to leave - all voiceless
I stand in wonderment half dazed -
Slowly agony shadows fall about
my soul like shackles.
Spilling are the sins above
and taking from his humanity
so that he seems emersed in night
A river of darkness flows from him to me
All changed the very alchemy of heaven and
earth to sin - Thank God it is not so
to other men.